

THE LILY

DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF WOMAN.

AMELIA BLOOMER, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.—ISSUED SEMI-MONTHLY AT FIFTY CENTS A YEAR IN ADVANCE.

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No. 14.

TEMPERANCE.

Dedicated to the Rev. J. M. Peebles, D. C. W. C. T.

Dark were the prospects of our godly band,
And hearts despairingly foretold deep woe;
But then the East a star burst forth; and lo!
With beams of brilliance threw its light abroad
To cheer the drooping souls that in suspense
Had long remained, to wait the impending doom.
The star broke forth! Its name was Temperance.

Hark! from the regions of the mighty fiend,
Whose direful schemes were now to be upturn.
There burst a bowl of fierce and dire chagrin—
A bowl of anger, fearful and forlorn
As ever swelled upon the ears of man;—
But soon 'twas drowned in the exultant cry
Of millions, who the glorious beacon hailed,
And welcomed as it sparkled in the sky.

Lo! even now the star doth larger grow!
And shed afar its golden beams of light.
Lo! even now the sway of alcohol
Grows faint and dwindles into night;
From every point of earth is pouring forth
A yeoman band to crush this fearful waste;
Resistless! battling for the true and right.
God bless their efforts, and their triumph haste.

Watertown, N. Y. F. M. MORRIS.

COMMON TALK.

BY MRS. FRANCES D. GAGE.

"I have a notion, Mrs. Lee, of calling a Man's Rights Convention; for really I think we men are in a bad fix, and it's time we were stirring in our own behalf," said the portly Judge C—, as he pushed his chair back a little from the dinner-table and picked his teeth complacently, looking all the while, as though he could annihilate Mrs. Lee, the only advocate of Woman's Rights in the company, with a passing jest or sneer, and not half true.

"If there are any rights, Judge, guaranteed to humanity, that you are not in possession of now, certainly by all means you should call a convention, if that will secure them to you."

"I suppose you will help us?" continued the Judge.

"Of course," replied the lady. Show me you are wronged and I am ready to help to right you, with a full free heart. But what extension of privilege will you first contend for?"

"Oh, I want to have the easy chairs resigned to me in the parlors, to take the best seats in the omnibuses, stage-coaches and railroad cars; to have my wife carry my carpet-bag, and fan me in church, and divers other rights of which I now find myself minus, that women claim."

"There is no law, is there, against your assuming these privileges now? I have never seen one."

"Oh no! No statute law. But then public opinion is a great deal stronger than statute law, and more binding on us poor fellows. A man might as well cut his hand off as to run against an established rule of conventionalism. And so I am going to call a convention to agitate public opinion; for if you can only get up a feeling on the subject, and awake a public sentiment against the oppression and tyranny of the fair sex, we can do as we please; lounge on the sofas, take the best seats, and even puff cigars in their faces and still be thought gentlemen."

"Have you much faith in public opinion, Judge? Do you really believe it so potent?"

"Most surely I do, madam. Make a thing unpopular, unfashionable, and it will have a tenfold greater effect to abolish its practice than to make it unlawful. Look at intemperance, for instance, as a proof; if it was as popular for women to drink as men, do you think that the women would all, or nearly all, keep sober? I have seen the wine set on the table of a family for twenty years in succession. The father would go on step by step in drunkenness till shame and sorrow would envelope the whole household; every boy raised on the premises would drink; and perhaps in the course of eight or ten years the whole family and estates go into dead ruin. And yet the females of that family never raise the inebriating glass to their lips. Pure as angels, they go from the cradle to the grave—struggling all the while to redeem those about them from sin and shame. Now what's the cause of all this? Do you suppose that women's tastes, passions and propensities are naturally any weaker than men's? Not a bit of it; just let them get fairly started for a folly, with public opinion to back 'em, and they go it to the death. Look at that long-skirt notion. They, the women of America, would not forego the privilege of making themselves uncomfortable, and trailing their silks and satins over dusty crossings, and wiping up tobacco-spittle with dounced bareges and de-laines? Not they. If Congress were to decree it unconstitutional to wear a dress lower than the ankles, the women of the United States would bust up the Union in six weeks if public opinion did not sustain it. Neither do I agree that their moral perceptions are more true and delicate

naturally than men's. It's all in the teaching. Mrs. Lee—I tell you it's in the teaching.—Why, I remember well before I was big enough to know I was a boy, my mother began to give me license to be coarse, boisterous and cruel, and to tell my sister in my hearing that such and such things were only fit for boys to do; such as whipping the dog, teasing the cat, and giving loose reign generally to my passions; and now, I know that my sister was the hardest-hearted, and most willing to transgress commands. She could say rougher words, too, than I; and mother would say, 'That is not pretty for you Julia—it sounds like boy talk.' And then in school—Here was the everlasting license given to boys. The girls are even sent to different schools, that they should be made purer and better; and a kind of tacit license thus given us to be as bad as we dared. Capers which in girls would have subjected them to a week's confinement in the garret, were only the natural buoyancy of boyhood, in us. I tell you, I have great faith in public opinion as a reformer of all evils."

"Well, Judge, said Mrs. Lee, as she rose with her company from the table, 'You have furnished us a grand argument in favor of 'Woman's Rights,' by the way of a joke. So you believe that if men and women were placed on an equality, and the same moral code applied to both, we should soon have reform?'"

"Certainly, only you must keep woman up to her present standard, or raise her as much higher as you can, (God knows she needs elevating) and then bring man up to her!"

"But how is this to be done? How are we to change the current of public opinion? How accomplish such a mighty work?"

"Agitate, agitate, agitate! keep it agoing—call your conventions—get out your ladies—let the world know you are *there*; make it hear, see, and feel; and you will conquer. If man is ever redeemed from intemperance, woman must be his savior. 'Be firm—be kind; but go it strong' is my motto."

"Pray, Judge, may I ask when you are going to hold your convention?" said Mrs. Lee, laughing.

"Well, about next week; for it's just endurance, this compelling a fat man like me to sit with his coat on, and the thermometer at 100°, because he is in the presence of ladies, who luxuriate in all the coolness of Swiss lawn. Hang the tyrants, I say. There's my wife, trying, don't you think, to make me give up my cigars and wine! I own up, I would not live with her if she used either. But then, who's going to be ruled by a pet? Bless us; I like to have said a bad word."

And the Judge took a cigar from the crown of his hat, and a lucifer from his pocket, and sauntered out on the pave to indulge in a pleasure which would have condemned a woman forever in his eyes as being coarse, vulgar and sensual.—Ah! thought we, how many of the great men of our day acknowledge the right yet practice the wrong.

Under the influence of this all-powerful public opinion they have allowed passions and appetites to become rulers. They would fain be delivered from bondage and see others set free; but it is not for them to spend the time to redeem a world. Theirs is a more important work. Like Judge C—, they are trying the criminals which public opinion has made. Voting for officers that will make this public opinion stronger; because, forsooth, they belong to "our party." They are waiting for somebody to dip them into the healing waters. Never a foot will they put there themselves. Then let the women see to it that they agitate. Let them coin public opinion day by day. "Be kind, be firm;" but work, work, if you would save husbands, sons, lovers—if you would rescue the future from the evils of the past!

"We don't care for public opinion," says one—"we want a Maine law." Aye, do we? But we shall never have a Maine law till we get a public opinion. Then up and be doing, every one of you. There is not a woman in the land but may help on this mighty work if she will. Not one but may lift some poor suffering fellow mortal a little higher, a little nearer to God. Let such as Judge C— jest and make sport; ever in their sport they tell great truths that should give us hope, and strength, and resolution to go on till we reach the goal.

For The Lily.

WOMAN'S SPHERE.

Mrs. A. Bloomer:—The Sphere of Woman is, and is becoming, one of fixed facts, if only we can find it. Channelled in its character, the expression has as many shades as there are minds to talk or write of it.

I would say, the Sphere of Woman is conventional to an extent covering the whole ground of controversy, unless we except the maternal, versus, the paternal relations.

The thoughts here brought forward were suggested by hearing a *Rev.*—as the conventional world has it—of our place read to-day a notice of a certain other *Rev.* as the world also now has it,

in part only. I refer to a notice of Rev. Antoinette Brown's which was read with the *Rev.* left off—it may have been off the notice for aught I know—it may have been left off because of the principle, "two of a trade cannot agree,"—no matter, however, as to the fact—but in returning to the church I fell in conversation with a gentleman for a brief time, upon the sphere of woman, and I remarked that her sphere was governed by conventionalities, and on a little reflection I am fully persuaded of the truth of the remark casually made.

Look at woman in different countries and ages. In Germany, philosophic Germany, woman to a considerable extent does what man only is sphered for doing here. She toils out of doors, in the field, on the farm. Among the Alps she has a shepherd's sphere. In some countries she is a "hewer of wood and drawer of water," a beast of burden.

In some she takes the place of man, and sits within doors and is luxuriously petted by the opposite sex, as is man in yet other lands. Truly, then, labor in any department seems no more man's than woman's, except as conventionalities set the sphere.

The Dutch woman's sphere is the American man's sphere. So of other countries.

Nor does labor only fix woman's or man's sphere. Woman has done—and who doubts her sphere in this respect?—what man has done in governing the world. Political titles are often sphered upon woman and woman's sphere has been and is now upon thrones and in chairs of state, and her governed are as advanced in all of the world's attainments as are man's governed, and ever have been.

Generalships have been sphered in woman too; and who doubts her bravery? In our delicate and sickly sense of woman's sphere of this country, woman-generals seem like fables—they are not, as the earth's history can testify.

American woman's sphere makes her a doll, a pet, a house-fixture, a fancy fact—a mere ideal, in which man may lavish an innate disposition to flatter and admire.

The conventionalisms of our country would assign a curious sphere to woman as viewed by those exactly reverse conventional rules of other days and countries; and yet woman's sphere in this land is, forsooth, dependent on Paris and the old world, even in so slight a point as dress.

Parisian dress is woman's proper sphere in America. If Parisian dress is American woman's proper sphere, why let conscience not receive all the Parisian conventionalities as woman's proper sphere in America also!

Consistencies and conventionalisms are two curious anomalies, one must think.

But woman has taught, and her sphere has been accorded in that capacity. For ages woman has taught; and I mean not a district school or seminary for young ladies, only—or even the sabbath school, but in the broad field of religion and ethics, of science and law, of prophecy and preaching, of medicine and mind.

In our land woman's sphere is talked about as being a fundamental, primal law, that is as plain as the "nose on a man's face." But really how very, very plain—so plain that every sphere in America's women, and in our day too—has been, and is man's sphere somewhere else. A friend suggests that "as women are generally considered by the other sex as 'stars,' it may be that her sphere is a star sphere." This may account therefore for the anxiety of some men to get them away from the earth, that they may occupy their rightful places in the celestial firmament. But if the women should en masse put off to the starry sphere as their rightful sphere, how strange and striking would be the result! What hosts of men looking after "fallen angels," restored and ascended, would become "star gazers." And what immense confusion and noise would ensue on earth. Men doomed to bachelorhood—poets moon-struck! Dry-Goods merchants dumbfounded! and fops and fools in everlasting squads, with burdened hearts and upcast eyes, putting off to the "stars!" Bad as the world is with woman it would be worse without her! Quarrel as man may with the "Rights," the fact is, woman will have her "rights," and that's the end of it."

Better talk of the arbitrariness of what we hear called conventionalisms, and prate less of woman's sphere.

By the way, who is the standard of conventionalities? or where is the college kept? Who are the diploma-givers, or stickers-on of titles?—If the people, then, as I am one of the people, I claim for woman just what sphere she may claim for herself, upon the same principle that man's sphere is, and should be governed, by general consent. General consent says *Rev.* to a man—general consent should say *Rev.* to a woman, if *Rev.* has really any merit in it.

People say Dr. to a man with a bit of sheepskin stamped; then let the people say Dr. to any other piece of sheepskin stamped; or, if need be, let it be Esq. or Hon. I care not what, for I see the world demonstrates woman equal to man,

inasmuch as there is a general and natural interchange and exchange of spheres or places.

Mind is a curious element. It would seem not unlike quicksand, in this respect at least, it runs whichever way the current leads. If the upper-tendency of mind—if the first in high places chance to run this way or that, the mass follows. Another quality is common to both—mind and quicksand. Just fill the places toward which the current sets, and it shapes itself exactly to the vacancy or cavity; so if the current sets toward *Rev.* as man's proper sphere, why mind follows particle by particle, till at last *Rev.* is all filled by man.

One more quality I see alike in each, and I am glad this quality exists, though somewhat dangerous to timid ones—the more you work at either, the more ready are they to run this way or that; and so I see if a chance should occur that the stirred-up mass can run woman's sphere, her proper sphere, (be careful to put in the proper) into the *Rev.*'s desk, why I say let it run! Well, it will run there any way for aught I see; so let it go.

The day of re-modeling woman's sphere is now at hand, and glad am I that such leading minds will make the effort. Though it cost labor and trial, the mass must—it ever has—it will, accord results accordant with the efforts. Woman shapes her own destiny. God has individualized her fate in the same proportion as He has man's. She needs but a concentrated effort and the work is done. She should fix her own estimate of sphere, or at least she has the same "right" to fix her's that man has to establish his. God has never bestowed the "gifts" of mind on a few.—Education may for a time influence unfavorably, but education is an element as capable of working changes as ever, and woman can use it—let her do so.

Upon the impulse of the moment I have written—if what is written is of any interest, use it—if not, sphere it as you will—and I am content.

ELMIRA, N. Y., June 19, 1853. A. M. P.

For The Lily.

TO THE YOUNG RUNDELLER.

DEAR YOUNG MAN:—Just entering upon a life where thy actions must stand as an everlasting monument of thy real self, either as an oppressor of the weak, or an uplifter of the lowly, let thy heart answer the questions I give unto thee.

Hast thou a father? Let not his anxiety be increased on thy account, nor the hopes he has cherished for thee, die despairing. Remember, the honor thou shovest him in his age, shall be shown to thy declining years.

Hast thou a mother? And dost thou know, thou canst not know, the hopes, the fears, the love that cradled thee. Thou cannot know! but O! it was a hallowed love. Thy mother! who like her would watch through long, long nights and days, without a murmur? Who like her to read thy every want? Her gentle soul, I pray thee, crush it not. Give her not cause to mourn thy being here. Turn! turn! and comfort her.

Hast thou a brother—taking thy example for his guide? Wouldst thou lure him from the glorious path that man may tread—upward and upward still? Let not, by thee, the brief hour of his existence here be sullied? Let his life not be a fruitless waste. Pause while yet 'tis time, for surely as wrong doing depresses the soul of man, so sure will thy Sun of Peace sink to rise here no more.

Let not thy history's page be dim'd,

For all that gold can buy;

Let not one evil deed be seen

By God's all-searching eye.

Hast thou a sister? Where shall she look for a protector but in thee? Cherish, O! cherish the life, the love of an affectionate sister. She who made the home of thy childhood a pleasure-ground. Shall her tears, her entreaties avail nothing with thee? Does not memory of those pastimes bid thee falter in thy course?

Hast thou a neighbor? Canst thou barter to him for his hard-earned coin the poison that will desolate his home? Canst thou lift the cup of "woe and misery," instead of the cheering draught of comfort to his lips; to the lips of her too who in the days of youth, and love, and promise, he vowed to cherish and protect? Mayhap thy sister, she.

Lovest thou gold too well to sacrifice a little? Free thyself from the sleepless nights and days of discontent that await thee, thou who would be instrumental in causing this great grief.

Hast thou a conscience, a divinity, a God within?—Thou hast! Then do not stifle His voice, but listen, and thou shalt be led from thy error. Led gently and lovingly as the pleased shepherd taketh home his lost and found. That voice shall teach thee that thy father's happiness is thine.—It will teach thee that thy mother's and thy sister's love may yet be shed on thee. Such peace and joy will flow into thy soul as gold can never buy, such as thou canst not now appreciate. It will teach thee that thy brother's and thy neighbor's happiness brings happiness to thee. Let

"onward and upward" be thy motto. And when thou castest off this world's deeds with thy life term here, let thy name and example be as shining marks by the wayside, to cheer and guide earth's pilgrims in their journey of progress, now and in time to come.

Begin now. Don't let the tempter strengthen his hold, for mighty is his power over the weak and irresolute. "Rouse up and be a man."—The power that strengthens thee for this will sustain thee on. It were even better to hunger thyself than lead poverty to the door of the young and helpless.

"Cast not a stumbling block." God watcheth over all. Be thou protected, is the prayer of a SISTER.

For The Lily.
AFFECTION'S TRIBUTE:
—OR—
A STROLL IN MEMORY'S GARDEN.

BY MARY MAY.

It was a pleasant evening in early summer, and as I sat upon the river's bank and listened to its quiet flow, my mind strayed far away—while memory's key unlocked the portals and wandered in the garden of the past. A smoothly graveled walk lay before me, while on every side the flowers of fancy were blooming in perennial beauty. So many were the groves and bowers that wooed me to their peaceful shades, so many the flowery paths that opened upon my way, that I paused undecided which to take; when memory's "white stone" arose in the distance, and I turned my steps toward it, for I knew that the purest emotions of my heart were clustered around that hallowed shrine. At its base sat a basket of flowers, and I knew by their delicate petals that it was Hope's expanded buds, so I turned them over one by one and bound them in a fragrant wreath. I found many a snowy petal unfolded that I thought had perished in my heart; and I wondered to find Memory's flowers so fair.

I looked upon the tablet, and as I placed my wreath beside another of deepest green—as I twined hope's pale buds with the myrtle's dark green leaves my hand trembled, for I thought of "thee, my cousin," and I remembered well the mossy stone where we together sat and wove that unfading chaplet. Long years have passed since then; but I never forgot that beaming eye, and oftentimes have your parting words sounded in my ear like the echo of a dream. 'Tis long since we have met. You have now entered on the busy stage of life, and in its changes and vicissitudes have lost sight of her who was the companion of your childhood and the friend of later years.

Again I looked around, and amid treasures long lost but now restored, amid gifts and mementoes preserved with wondrous care, I saw a large frame reclining against the tablet and draped with heavy folds of finest gossamer. I drew back the covering and the magic mirror was revealed.—Events passed in quick succession—so fast indeed that I could scarcely note them down; and it was only here and there one, I can describe. I saw a wild cascade roaring and foaming over the rugged rocks, and peering over the dark abyss, a figure of one, who heedless of the danger, had planted her foot upon the crumbling earth, and clinging only to a single shrub, her body swayed fearfully over the angry waters. Another stood beside her and besought her to step back; but she only laughed at their fears, nor saw her danger until a strong hand was put forth and she was saved.

Again I saw a smoothly flowing stream glistening in the moonlight, while on its waters a frail boat was resting, freighted with youth and beauty. Joy beamed from their faces and happiness lingered in their smiles, and I fancied I heard a sweet strain floating on the balmy air. I listened; a few words caught my ear, and I knew it was, "I have come from a happy land!" The boat kept on its way, and the echo died in the distance.

I saw another; a fair bride receiving the congratulations of her friends. The last word had been spoken, and all gathered around her to offer their kind wishes for her future happiness.—Nay, not all, for there was one who turned away and wept that another link had been broken in friendship's chain—another jewel rift from his crown of Love. The bride heeded not this tribute of affection. Her cup of happiness was full, and she went on her way rejoicing.

I looked again, and I saw a rosy child asleep among the flowers, while the sunlight and the shadow played fitfully upon his downy cheek. I gazed with unbounded delight upon the sleeping babe, and prayed that no dark cloud might ever rise to dim his future. Again I looked, and a misty form was bending over him, a shadowy hand had put back the curls from his open brow, a pale face bent above him and I knew the angel had kissed the child. I love the babe, and I tremble not for him, for I know a mother's dying prayer will in time be answered, and He who is a father to the fatherless and the orphan's God will protect her child.

[Correspondence of The Lily.]

Mrs. BLOOMER:—A Female Missionary Temperance Society was organized in March last, in Schuylerville, Saratoga Co., N. Y., at the suggestion of Mrs. ALBRO, and elected for its officers

MISS NELSON, President.
Mrs. McNAUGHTON, Vice Pres.
" LOCKE, Sec. Vice Pres.
" BRISBIN, Rec. Sec.
" MOTT, Sec. Rec. Sec.
" CRAMER, Cor. Sect.
" TABER, Treas.

Together with the Ex. and Visiting Committee.

Since then this Society has been actively engaged distributing temperance tracts and papers—holding frequent meetings, &c. Ideas somewhat erroneous in the same have been corrected—new vigor imparted to Temperance people generally;—hope revived—and a determination for a better law more fully resolved upon in the public mind;—now the citizens declare most faithfully—we shall have a "Maine law;"—and although our

"Board of Excise" have not met our expectations, of which there is a full report in "The Helper,"—still there is an advancement in Temperance principles. Mrs. ALBRO's lectures resulted in much good; and in more than one respect—for she taught women to act as well as think and FEEL. When shall we welcome her again? Respect,

L. W. CRAMER, Sect.

THE LILY.

SENECA FALLS, N. Y., JULY 15, 1853.

OUR FOURTH OF JULY EXCURSION.

We left home on Saturday, the 2d inst., for Harford, where we were engaged as orator for the celebration on the 4th.

At Cayuga we met Mrs. VAUGHAN, who was on her way to Speedville. The weather was fine, and the trip up the lake a delightful one—made doubly so by the meeting of some old acquaintances, and the forming of some new ones on the boat—among whom were the Hon. Mr. BRISTOL, of Tioga, and Hon. J. B. WILLIAMS, of Tompkins—both staunch Maine Law men who had done their duty faithfully in the passage of that Bill through the Senate.

Arrived at Ithaca we found friends awaiting us from Harford, and were soon on our way to that place, where we arrived, after a pleasant carriage ride of sixteen miles, at about 10 o'clock in the evening.

The glorious Fourth was ushered in by a national salute of 13 guns at daybreak, followed by 31 guns at sunrise. At an early hour people began to arrive from the country, and towns adjacent, and soon the streets presented as lively an appearance as is usual in places of much larger size.

At 10 o'clock a procession was formed in front of the Union Church—the Good Templars and Sons of Temperance, in the regalia of their respective orders, leading the procession—and led by a band of music, proceeded to a grove some quarter of a mile distant, where seats, and a stand handsomely decorated had been prepared for the occasion.

We were escorted to the stand by a committee of five ladies—all of whom were tastefully attired in the "Bloomer dress"—skirts and pants of white, with light blue silk basque waists.

The exercises were opened by prayer by Rev. C. S. BROWN, followed by appropriate vocal and instrumental music. The Declaration of Independence was read by ERVING TAINTOR, Esq. After singing by the choir, came the address; but of the merits of this it becometh us not to speak. Suffice it to say that the large audience of some fifteen hundred or two thousand persons listened to us throughout with the most earnest attention, and judging from their countenances the novelty of hearing a woman talk was lost in the interest excited by the subject.

Music by the choir followed. After the benediction a procession again formed and proceeded to an orchard where dinner had been prepared by mine host of the Harford Temperance House.—The only failure of the day was in Mr. SAMPTON's not making calculations sufficiently large for the vast concourse of people who congregated on the occasion. This however was not so much in the lack of eatables as the want of table room and waiters.

After dinner a toast table was spread, at which the following sentiments were offered:

REGULAR TOASTS.

The Day we Celebrate—May it ever be kept in remembrance by our nation.

The Father of our Country—May his virtues be ever cherished in the hearts of his Countrymen.

The Mother of Washington—Our liberty will be secure while our mothers cherish her memory and example.

Patriots of '76—May their descendants ever prove worthy of such sires.

The Orator of the Day—May she ever Bloom on Earth, as now; and in Heaven forever.

Land of Liberty—May thy children never have cause to blush for thee.

The Patriots of '53—May they be as successful in driving the red noses from our land as our Fathers were the Red Coats of '76.

The United States—May they always be bound together by inseparable ties.

The Ladies—Whose smiling countenances grace this Festival—May not one have cause to mourn over blighted hopes and crushed affections.

The President of the Day—Always obedient when duty calls.

Our Worthy Host—May he be as successful in all his enterprises as he has been in relieving the wants of the inner man on the present occasion.

Harford Temperance House—May it always be supported.

VOLUNTEER TOASTS.

By A. A. C., Marathon. *The Ladies*—They have cheered us by their presence and made our hearts glad with their approving smiles.—May they ever remain foremost in the affections of their admiring countrymen.—God bless 'em!

By W. C. T. of Star Lodge, No. 46, Marathon. *The Good Templars*—The only Society in which Woman's Rights are fully acknowledged May they ever prosper, and may their cherished principles be as lasting as Time itself.

By G. W. Tripp. *The Ladies*—Co-workers in the great cause of Temperance—May we ever have their smiles to cheer us on to battle and victory.

By A. A. C., Marathon. *The Bloomer Costume*—The most appropriate as well as the most convenient dress for ladies—May it soon become their universal costume.

Let sickly ladies talk and flirt,
And tell their paper passion;
Amid those trailing, dragging skirts
Because it is the fashion;
But give me the gay and sprightly lass
Who "pants" for health so blooming,
For her I'd fill the flowing glass
And shout, "Huzza! for bloomers!"

By Mrs. Bloomer. *The Women of the Revolution*—Although they toiled along with the men of the Revolution for independence and freedom, they yet failed, when the struggle was over, to secure an equality in those rights and duties which are the common birthright of all. May their daughters of the present generation be more fortunate in their struggle for rights, so long and so unjustly withheld!

By Mrs. Sarah W. Knapp. *The Declaration of Independence, and the Maine Law*—The former proclaimed the firm resolve of our country to be free; the latter will secure to their sons and daughters the freedom won for them by the sacrifices and blood of the patriots of the revolution.

By E. Taintor. *Woman's Rights*—The most perfect embodiment of Women's Rights is Women that are right.

At about four o'clock the company dispersed—some to their homes, and others to engage in other amusements. At half-past seven a large audience assembled in the church, where we again presented to them some important truths—showing the influence which our present unjust laws in reference to woman have in aggravating the evils under which she suffers in consequence of intemperance. The meeting over, all quietly dispersed to their homes, and at an early hour the village was as quiet as though no unusual circumstance had occurred to make the day one of bustle and excitement. No accident occurred to mar the festivities—no drunkenness to make sorrowful the happy hearts of the temperance host.

Seldom has it been ours to pass a day more pleasantly. Though an entire stranger to all, we still found many warm friends, and made many agreeable acquaintances. We enjoyed the hospitality of JOSHUA HART, Jr., and wife, during our stay; and to their kind attentions we are indebted for much of the pleasure of our visit.—Long shall we bear in remembrance the seventy-seventh anniversary of our nation's birth-day; and often shall we go back in spirit to that lovely, quiet spot nestled away among the hills, and live over again in memory the pleasurable incidents connected with our first Fourth of July oration.

Harford is a temperance town, and judging from the large army of temperance soldiers which it contains, it will ever remain so. The great destroyer will find it a hard matter to gain an entrance there. They have a large Division of the Sons of Temperance, and also a large and flourishing Lodge of Good Templars, all with armor on, ready for the great battle to come off next November.

HOMER.

On our return homeward we were escorted as far as Homer by friends from Harford. Here we stopped to dine before proceeding on our way to Glen Haven, whither we were bound. Homer is our native village, and as we had not been there since the days of our childhood, we took advantage of our brief stay to stroll through the place in pursuit of our old home, around which clustered many fond recollections. We had no one to guide us in the search, but the impressions left on our mind at six years of age were so strong that we could not be mistaken. The place was soon found. Though much altered it still retained enough of its former likeness to enable us to identify it, after an absence of twenty-nine years. Emotions both pleasurable and painful were awakened as we gazed upon the spot where we first drew breath, and where were spent the earliest years of our life. Scenes long since forgotten arose in memory as clearly as though but yesterday enacted. Not to the old home only, has change come—to us and ours has Time brought much of change, and somewhat of sorrow; yet upon us personally has his hand rested lightly—to us he has imparted kindness, and blessing, far more liberally than sorrow.

With saddened thoughts we returned to the Hotel where we had left our friends. Here we were soon surrounded by those who had known us in childhood, and who were intimate friends of our parents. Somehow they had got wind of our being there, and came forward to offer congratulations, and welcome us back to our early home. Intercessions were made for us to remain with them for the night and give them a talk—which we decided to do. After bidding

adieu to our Harford friends, who now turned their steps homeward, we were escorted to the mansion of Wm. SHERMAN, who with his estimable wife and family, contributed largely to the pleasure of our visit in Homer.

The Presbyterian church was at once opened to us, and notice of the meeting as fully circulated as was possible in the brief time that remained before the evening. The house, though, large was densely filled with an intelligent and attentive audience.

At an early hour the next morning a committee of gentlemen called upon us with a request that we remain another evening; and as we are always ready to talk where we find people anxious to listen, we yielded to their request. We again spoke in the Presbyterian church, and as on the previous evening, the body of the house and the large gallery was as full as could be comfortably seated.

Though we interspersed our lectures pretty freely with woman's rights, or rather, we may say, with woman's wrongs, no one seemed at all alarmed; but if we may believe the assertions of the people, new trains of thought were awakened, and a most favorable impression made on the minds of the entire community. The people here, as elsewhere, are prepared to drink in the temperance truth when fairly presented to them. The great difficulty lies in getting them out to listen to it. On every hand we meet with encouragement, and have great reason to hope that men will be prepared to meet the great question of a prohibitory law at the polls next fall.

GLEN HAVEN.

At an early hour on the morning of the 9th inst. we bade adieu to Homer and took stage for Glen Haven, where we arrived after a pleasant two hours ride. We met with a cordial reception from Dr. and Mrs. JACKSON and spent two days in the enjoyment of their hospitality. The Glen is now arrayed in all its most lovely attire, and presents attractions to the visitor unsurpassed by any spot with which we are acquainted. The placid lake, with its tiny boats, whose oars are plied by feeble hands, as well as those more strong—its towering hills densely covered with verdure, and upon whose sides may be traced many a lovely cascade and unpretending rivulet—around which seats have been placed to rest the weary adventurer—the quiet nook with its welcoming shade and refreshing breeze, on the very lake shore—all these invite the care-worn citizen of the bustling town as well as those on whom disease has laid its heavy hand, to try the virtues of its pure waters and invigorating atmosphere in renovating their wasted energies and enfeebled constitutions.

The Cure is now in a flourishing condition—numbering some seventy patients. Dr. JACKSON stands high as a Hydropathic physician—and we think deservedly so. He has met with great success in the treatment of disease, and his patients seem to have great confidence in his skill, as well as a high regard for him personally.

At the Dr.'s request we addressed the patients, and other inmates of his house in the large sitting room on the evening of Thursday—and at his solicitation concluded to accept an invitation from Judge Osborn, of Scott, to return to that place and speak on Friday eve, instead of returning home as we had purposed doing. Accordingly on the afternoon of Friday we rode over to Scott—a distance of three or four miles. The church in which the meeting was held was densely filled, and we could but wonder where all the people came from in so small a place.—Many warm, though stranger friends gathered round us here, and bid us a hearty God speed in our mission. They would have kept us for another night, but home, after a weeks absence was doubly endeared to us, and we could be detained no longer; so we again took stage for the Glen on Saturday morning, and from thence by steamboat and cars returned home on Saturday evening. Altogether the excursion was a delightful one; and we have no cause to regret that we were induced to accept the invitation of our Harford friends to join in celebrating the 77th anniversary of the birth-day of our National Independence.

THE FOURTH ANNUAL ANNOUNCEMENT OF THE FEMALE MEDICAL COLLEGE OF PENN. is on our table, from which we learn that the institution is in a flourishing condition. Several of the Professional Chairs are now filled by women.

MISS MARTHA H. MOWRY, M. D., who has long had an extensive and successful practice in Providence, R. I., has been appointed Professor of Obstetrics and Diseases of Women and Children. ANN PRESTON, M. D., of Pa., Professor of Physiology, and Miss ALMIRA L. FOWLER, M. D., of New York, Demonstrator of Anatomy and Chemistry. Miss FOWLER is sister to L. N. and O. S. FOWLER, the distinguished Phrenologists.

With such opportunities as this College presents for the medical education of women, there will soon be no lack of good female physicians in this country.

ALL HONOR TO THE WOMEN OF MICHIGAN.

We have accounts from various sources of the good service done by the women of Michigan, at the late election on the 20th ult. The following we cut from the New-York Organ. We hope the women of this State will imitate the example of those brave women, and be ready to do their duty actively and efficiently when the great question of a Maine Law is submitted to the voters of the Empire State:

BRO. HOOVER:—Permit me through the columns of your valuable Organ, to relate an incident that I witnessed in Michigan, during the election on the 20th ult. I was at that time in the town of Leoni, a town that has for years been known as one of the worst rum sinks in the State, but which has (thanks to a Division of Sons, organized last October) wonderfully improved in the past year. The friends of temperance and its foes were both on the alert, and using all their influence to bring about a result in accordance with their respective wishes. To ensure the triumph of the law on the 20th, the Sons called in the influence of the ladies, who turned out to the number of some fifty or sixty and placed themselves at the polls. Immediately upon the arrival of an anti-Maine Law man the ladies would surround and argue with him, answering his objections, singing temperance songs, and pleading with him in behalf of the cause of humanity, until they would overcome his prejudices and cause him to vote for the law. In this way they influenced over fifty votes which would otherwise have been cast against the law prohibiting the traffic in the Devil's dye stuff. There was one old gentleman (Mr. C.) who resisted all the entreaties and persuasions of his male friends, he was accosted by Mrs. T., to whom he shortly yielded, voted for the law, and then used his whole influence during the remainder of the day, in favor of the law. A Mr. P. was cornered by the ladies for two hours, but finally had to yield; and various other instances might be mentioned, had I the time to narrate them. I would in conclusion say to the ladies of the Empire State, that if they will imitate their sisters in Michigan, it will not be long until they have the satisfaction know that the accursed poison is banished from your beautiful State.

The Michigan Advocate also speaks in warm terms of the ladies of Leoni, and adds striking instances of the value of woman's efforts in other places.

In Tecumseh the principles ladies of the village organized and appointed committees to induce the voters of the town to go and vote for the law, and they rendered efficient service to the cause.

In Grand Rapids a committee of two hundred ladies attended the election and electioneered all day for the Maine law.

In this city (Detroit) ladies visited the stores and places of business, distributing votes, and politely inviting the gentlemen to vote for the law. One Irish woman led her temperate husband to the ballot-box, and saw him vote "yes."

In many other places in the State the ladies were equally active in behalf of the good cause. God bless them!

WOMEN IN PRINTING OFFICES.—We have letters from some half dozen young ladies asking for situations in our office; or if we have no room for them that we would assist them in obtaining places in some other office. We would gladly give all of these a chance to become type-setters were it in our power to do so—but we have no printing office of our own—our paper being printed in the Courier office, in which girls are not employed. We learn by our exchanges that the experiment of learning women to set type is being tried in many offices in different sections of country, and with good success. Several of the New York publishers have introduced girls into their offices—the Star Office in Syracuse now employs girls, and we were informed a few weeks since by the editors of the Penn Yan Whig and the Ontario Times that they contemplated trying the experiment of female type-setters.

We cut the following from an exchange paper:

WOMEN AS TYPE-SETTERS.—The Circleville Herald has tried in that office the experiment of setting type by a female, and says: "A lady friend of ours, last week, 'learned the boxes,' did a small ironing, and set 4,500 ems in four days!! We do not know what the experience of others may be, but we have never known any boy apprentice to do much over half as well. To hire a man to do the same work would cost us \$2 10. In addition, our lady type read and corrected her own 'sticks,' a part of the business few boys will master well in a month."

The Geauga Republic has also tried it. That paper says: "A young lady yesterday commenced type-setting in this office. She learned the boxes, and set 2,000 ems of bourgeois before 5 o'clock, P. M. It was well justified, and gave a 'clean proof.'"

"FERN LEAVES, FROM FANNY'S PORTFOLIO."—We are indebted to Miss SARAH PELLET, of Syracuse, for a copy of this admirable work. It is needless for us to say aught in praise of a book which has been read by thousands, and which all are praising. We doubt not Miss Sarah has already placed the book in the hands of scores of travelers, and thus served to while away the time, and make agreeable the journey that would else have seemed long and tedious. But she has enough of the "same sort left," and those who have not already supplied themselves with a copy will do well to purchase of Sarah on the cars.

WOMAN'S RIGHTS CONVENTION.

We have not published the call for this Convention because we felt that there was an uncertainty about the time and place of holding it.—Some time since a proposition was made to us by a prominent woman of one of the Western States, that the convention be held in New York city, instead of Cleveland, Ohio,—and our opinion asked on the subject. We felt that New York was the more desirable place for several reasons; but as we were not one of the Committee, it was not for us to move in the matter. Notice has been extensively circulated that the Convention would be held in Cleveland on the 5th and 6th of October; but we learn from the UNA that "on further consultation many of the Committee have deemed it advisable to change the time and place to New York city, to be held immediately after the World's Temperance Convention;" which is to meet on the 6th of September, and continue through four days. There is little doubt but that this change will be made. We hope to learn the decision in time to publish the call by the first of August.

We publish on our first page, an article from Mrs. Gage's pen which we found in the Battery "written" for that paper. Mrs. Bloomer gives the same sketch, "written for The Lily," in the last number of her paper. [Cayuga Chief.]

In answer to the above implied charge of dishonesty on our part we have to say that Mrs. Gage sent us the article referred to in manuscript, for publication in The Lily. If after writing it she saw fit to send a copy to the Battery we cannot see as any harm was done—it only gave wider circulation to a good article.

We certainly are guiltless of any wrong in the matter, as we had no reason to suppose the article was not original.

Mrs. Gage is engaged as a contributor to THE LILY; and we can assure both our readers and the Chief that the articles which we publish as original from her pen have not appeared elsewhere before being sent to us.

It will be seen by the following that the agents of the Women's State Temperance Society are still in the field:

ROCHESTER, July 12, 1853.

DEAR MRS. BLOOMER:—I have just returned from a very successful tour in the towns of Greigsville, York, Moscow and Fowlerville.—York is perfectly frozen with regard to the temperance cause. In Moscow there is a good temperance spirit, but a great deal of blinding prejudice and bigotry. Here is a specimen. There was a notice sent to the Presbyterian church to be read, that I would speak on Sunday, at 5 o'clock, P. M., at the Methodist church in that village. The minister read the notice in the morning, not noticing that it was for a woman to speak. At noon he was informed that it was a lady who was to speak—so in the afternoon he recalled the notice, publicly, and also withdrew his influence. I don't believe that minister has much of the spirit of Christ abiding in him,—and I doubt much whether such a man has a call from God to preach the Gospel.

I assisted the ladies in organizing an auxiliary Society, and I trust they will not be frightened out of their duty by a man who calls himself a minister, but who is a dead weight upon those who are laboring to elevate the degraded and oppressed.

In York they say they have not had a revival of religion in fifteen years, and they never will have so long as they keep a minister who refuses to pray in a temperance meeting, because the speaker is a woman. But thank God all the ministers are not so, for I found the Rev. Mr. Darling, of Fowlerville, a Presbyterian clergyman, and the Rev. Mr. Wells, of Moscow, ready to stand by me and pray that the blessing of God might rest upon the effort which the women of the Empire State were making to roll on the temperance car.

I expect to lecture in Palmyra on the evening of the 20th inst., by invitation, after which I shall start for Saratoga county.

Yours as ever,
H. ATTILIA ALBRO.

We learn from Mrs. Vaughan that she had a very pleasant time at Speedsville on the 4th, and she has been spending considerable time very successfully in that county since the 4th. She says, "I have spoken every day, save Tuesday, during the week, and have two or three more appointments,—and might make even more, as I have many invitations."

We would that there were fifty women in the lecturing field where now there is not over half a dozen. The time is auspicious. Men are ready to extend a cordial welcome to woman, and are looking to her to strengthen their hands and render them efficient aid in the great work of redeeming our state from the blighting curse of the liquor traffic.

PUTNAM'S MONTHLY, for July, commences a new volume. It is an excellent number and contains several articles of much interest. The liberal support extended to this original American Magazine is well deserved and should be still farther extended.

WISCONSIN.—The people of Wisconsin are to have the Maine Law if they want it—a bill having passed the Legislature to submit the question to the people.

I. O. of GOOD TEMPLARS.

[Under the above head we propose hereafter to devote a limited space of our paper to articles connected with the Independent Order of Good Templars. Official notices of the Grand Officers, institutions of new Lodges, and proceedings of the Grand Lodge will be given from time to time, as they may be furnished us. Communications explanatory of the objects of the Order will also be inserted.]

The sole and only object of the Order of Good Templars is to promote the Temperance cause. All its members are solemnly pledged not to make, buy, sell, or use intoxicating drinks in any form as a beverage. It is not a benefit Society, although subordinate Lodges may, if they see fit, apply their funds to the relief of the needy and suffering.

This column will be under the supervision of Mr. Bloomer.

FORM OF APPLICATION FOR A CHARTER FOR A LODGE OF THE INDEPENDENT ORDER OF GOOD TEMPLARS.

The undersigned inhabitants of _____ believing the INDEPENDENT ORDER OF GOOD TEMPLARS well calculated to extend the blessings of Total Abstinence, and promote the general welfare of mankind, respectfully petition the GRAND LODGE OF THE I. O. OF G. T. to grant them a Charter to open a new Lodge to be called _____ Lodge, No. _____ of the I. O. of G. T., to be located in _____ and under your jurisdiction.

We pledge ourselves, individually and collectively, to be governed by the Rules and Usages of the Grand Lodge.

Enclosed is the Charter Fee, \$5. Books, \$1.

Applications to open new Lodges should be signed by TEN persons, in good standing in the community, and sent, free of postage, to the Grand Worthy Secretary.

H. P. BARNES, G. W. S.
Ithaca, N. Y.

NAME OF APPLICANTS. NAME OF APPLICANTS.

OFFICE OF THE GRAND WORTHY SEC. }
GRAND LODGE OF THE I. O. OF G. T. }

Ithaca, N. Y., July 1, 1853.

ESTEEMED BROTHER:—According to promise I send you a list of names of the several Lodges of our order. Also a Blank Application for a Charter. Should you think favorably of it, you may put in a form in THE LILY, to assist any that may desire to apply for a Charter, to feel assured their application is correctly made.

The names of Lodges are as follows, viz:

NO.	LODGE.	PLACE.
1.	Excelsior,	Syracuse, N. Y.
2.	Eureka,	Fayetteville,
3.	Forest City,	Ithaca,
4.	Break of Day,	Varna,
5.	Asbury,	Lansing,
6.	Freewill Union,	Dryden,
7.	Fountain,	Stateville,
8.	Rising Star,	Van Ettenville,
9.	Washington,	Spencer,
10.	Peruville,	Peruville,
11.	Rising Sun,	McLean,
12.	Union,	Speedsville,
13.	Morning Star,	Matt's Cor.,
14.	Friendship,	Millport,
15.	Watkins,	Watkins,
16.	Glen,	West Groton,
17.	Croton,	Croton,
18.	Good Intent,	Enfield,
19.	Centre,	Carolina Center,
20.	Evening Star,	Harford,
21.	Constellation,	Cortlandville,
22.	Seneca Chief,	Seneca Falls,
23.	West Dryden,	West Dryden,
24.	Newfield,	Newfield,
25.	Burdett,	Hector,
26.	Dryden,	Dryden,
27.	Unity,	Horse Heads,
28.	Star of Peace,	Beaver Dam,
29.	Fidelity,	
30.	Venus,	Union Center,
31.	Keystone,	Athens, Pa.
32.	Star of Hope,	Waverly, N. Y.
33.	Bristol,	Ithaca,
34.	Perseverance,	Odesa,
35.	Rescue,	Alpine,
36.	Cold Spring,	Newark Valley,
37.	Townsend,	Dix,
38.	Alpha,	Groton,
39.	Blooming Hope,	Barton,
40.	Reynoldsville,	Hector,
41.	Rose of Sharon,	Owego,
42.	Lily of the Valley,	Tioga Center,
43.	Olive Branch,	Candor,
44.	Maine Law,	Maine,
45.	Charity,	Union,
46.	Banner of Love,	Mecklenburg,
47.	Orange,	Orange,
48.	Sullivan,	Sullivanville,
49.	Adelphia,	Milan,
50.	Etna,	Etna,
51.	Susquehanna,	Smithboro,
52.	Steuben,	Reading,
53.	Chemung,	Chemung,
54.	Pacific,	West Newark,
55.	Clypeum,	Oswego,
56.	Banner of Protec.,	Gibson,
57.	Energy,	Bruseport,
58.	Sheshequin,	Sheshequin, Pa.
59.	Ulster,	Ulster,
60.	May-Flower,	East Smithfield,
61.	Ark of Refuge,	Scipio, N. Y.
62.	Cayuga Banner,	Ledyard,
63.	Forest Home,	Andover,
64.	Star of the West,	Nichols,
65.	Lone Star,	Southport,
66.	Evergreen,	Factoryville,
67.	Radiant Star,	North Smithfield,
68.	Rural Felicity,	Troy, Pa.
69.	Hopeful Band,	
70.	Temperance Star,	Edsallville,
71.	Bright Star,	Jackson,
72.	French Mills,	French Mills,
73.	Pocahontas,	Corning, N. Y.
74.	North Barton,	North Barton,
75.	Peach Orchard,	Hector,
76.	Logan,	Auburn,
77.	Scriba,	Scriba,
78.	Waterloo Union,	Waterloo,
79.	Kendall,	Kendall,
80.	Tobehanna,	Tyrone,
81.	Altay,	Altay,
82.	Cold Water,	Lawrenceville, Pa.
83.	Tioga Valley,	Tioga,

84.	Gallant Reform,	Crooked Creek,
85.	Hope of Farmington,	Nelson,
86.	Hope of Richmond,	Mansfield,
87.	Star of Covington,	Covington,
88.	Chrystal Spring,	Weilsboro,
89.	Day Spring,	Mansfield,
90.	Pride of Middlebury,	Crooked Creek,
91.	Rolling Billow,	Orange, N. Y.
92.	Pine Grove,	Flemingville,
93.	Home of the Free,	Scipio Centre,
94.	Dundee,	Dundee,
95.	Post Creek,	Tyrone,
96.	Watchful Band,	Canton, Pa.
97.	Banner of Hope,	Alba,
98.	La Charite,	Leroy,
99.	Pleasant Valley,	Granville,
100.	West Granville,	Alba P. O.,
101.	Charleston,	Charleston,
102.	Star of the Forest,	Halsey Valley, N. Y.
103.	Lily of the Highland,	Reading,
104.	Banner of Genoa,	Five Corners,
105.	Iris,	Binghampton,

"MODERN FLIRTATIONS," a novel by CATHERINE SISKLAIR. New York: Stringer & Townsend, Publishers.

We seldom read a novel now, although once they were our greatest favorites. Hours, days, and weeks have we spent when a child, and in our earlier womanhood, in pouring over tales of fiction; and we now have to lament the precious time thus wasted, which ought to have been devoted to the reading of such books as would have proved more useful to us in after life. What would we not give if the hours thus devoted to novel reading had been spent in reading works of history, science, and the like! Then we should have been much better fitted for the duties now devolving upon us—better qualified to counsel and advise with our sex in all movements having for their object the elevation of the race.

With this experience we cannot advise any young person to imitate our example; for we fear, like us, they will see cause in future years to regret the time thus spent. If novels are to be read at all, they should be by persons well advanced in years, of mature judgment and experience, who will not be likely to be misled by the false views of society they so often present. To such, judging from the notices we have seen of it in other papers, as well as from a hasty glance over its pages, we have no doubt "MODERN FLIRTATIONS" will be found interesting, and perhaps instructive. The acknowledged ability of the author is a sufficient guarantee that it could not well be otherwise.

☞ Mrs. Bloomer, the editress of "The Lily," at Seneca Falls, in this State, and whom the immortal female pioneer in pants, is expected to visit this county in July. She will speak on the subject of temperance, and it is hoped she will enlighten our benighted region upon the subject of the above mentioned "unmentionables," though we think the prospect of reform very dubious, if we may judge of the laudable effort our ladies are making in sweeping the streets.

[St. Lawrence Republican.]

A little too fast, Mr. Republican! The above is all new to us. True we have had an invitation to visit your county at some future time, but we are under no engagement to do so, and we certainly shall not be there in July. When we do come we will do all we can to "enlighten" your "benighted" people—though we must be excused from meddling with the "unmentionables," or the ladies "street sweepers." We shall take care to keep our own skirts undefiled, and leave to others the privilege of looking after their own.

☞ Although the following was not designed for publication we cannot forbear giving it place in The Lily. Many similar letters have been sent us since the Annual Meeting of the State Temperance Society; and many of the staunch Temperance and Women's Rights advocates of our State have expressed to us their entire approval of the manner in which the question at issue before the Society was disposed of. To us personally all this is very gratifying, as we have been blamed for the part we took in the matter. But we value it more especially as sustaining the action of the Society in its recent trial.

The writer of the following is not as obscure as he would have us believe.—[Ed.]

JUNE 18, 1853.

MRS. AMELIA BLOOMER:—I hope you will pardon this intrusion upon your attention by one so nearly a stranger as myself. I have felt, while reflecting upon the present state of the temperance cause, and its kindred interests, that but few occupied a position at once so responsible and so difficult to sustain as yourself; and while I am aware that the sentiments of one so obscure as myself can be of but little importance to you or others, yet will you, as a personal favor, allow me the pleasure of expressing them. You may, for aught I know, entertain sentiments different from my own upon a score of questions of public interest. But with reference to the mission of the Woman's Temperance Society—its bearing upon the rights and the elevation of your sex, upon the well-being of society at large, and the uncomputable interests of Bible Christianity, your course, thus far, has met my most hearty approval, and for your noble stand and christian-like demeanor allow me to express my hearty thanks.

I write this not for The Lily, but as a simple expression of interest in, and approval of, its conductor in a time that must of necessity familiarize her with trial and a deep sense of responsibility.

Most Respectfully Yours,
I. C. G.

LITTLE NELLIE.

My little Nellie, dear sister Nellie,
How fondly did I love her;
How well I liked to kiss sweet
Her rosy cheeks to cover.
How pleas'd to have my tiny friend
So innocent and sweet,
Upon my lap the live-long day
My every smile to greet.
To have her arms of snowy white
Around my neck entwined;
And head so meek and tenderly
Upon my breast reclined.
And then to see those lovely eyes,
So blue, so mild, so clear;
From which, when gloom sat on my brow
Distilled the pearly tear.
She was the favorite of all,
Of mother, father, brother;
And all who knew my little Nellie,
Knew her but to love her.
She was the type of innocence,
So feeble from her birth;
And her too fair and lovely
To sojourn long on earth.
She stay'd to see her flowers gay
The fifth time in full bloom;
When relatives and friends were call'd
To lay her in the tomb.
Her little grave the sexton dug
Beneath the graceful willow,
Where now she lies in solitude,
With naught but turf for pillow.
Her spirit pure, too chaste for earth,
Ascended high above
To him who gave it, and who rules
The Universe by love.

NEWARK, N. Y.

H. E. M.

PUTNAM'S MONTHLY ON THE WOMAN'S MOVEMENT.—No. 1

The next doctrine in order in this strange compound of stupidity and bigotry, hypocrisy and corruption, is "that woman is a grand and divine reality, who is not so foolish as to commit herself to any special guardianship, nor so vulgar as to whisper secrets in any private ear."

Now this is the orthodox faith of the woman's rights associations. It concedes to her a personality of life and soul instead of confining her in a sphere, the outside limits of which, in the field-book of selfish lechery whether of church or state, only permit her to sip and loiter for a brief time to the seasonal flatteries of the other sex, then be thrust aside as the hopeless servant of the cook stove and the wash-tub, or worse, to rust out a rusty existence in the dust of carpets, and as the accompaniment of parlor furniture.—Practically carried out it would prevent woman as fashioned by the Creator, and not as fixed up by the fashionable milliner and mantua-maker, and taught duties and spheres in the proxy formulae of selfish teachers.

But our author had no such understanding, and meant no such thing as the language plainly indicates. With him it was only words—a rattle to please the child—the corrupt offering of animal longings, to youth and passion, dispensed alike to virtue and harlotry, but more common in the ante-chambers of the house of assignation than in the abodes of virtue.

Let us see if we do not correctly appreciate his true feelings, his moral sentiments, which he undertakes to disguise by proclaiming woman to be "a grand and divine reality." It is the more worth the while because so far he only impersonates one of a class not yet extinct, who are continually proving about the paths of virtue and polluting by their filthy touch; who seek to belittle woman in the scale of being by ministering to her follies and frivolities in youth, in order to secure for her maturity the more passive temper of imbecility and consequent submissiveness; and who therefore proclaim on all occasions the ecclesiastical dogma of magnificent distances between the natural rights and prerogatives of man and woman.

Our author is right in asserting that there is but little if any difference beyond the mere formal differences of sex, and the worthy disposition of the pantaloons and petticoats. Any theory to the contrary is idle speculation. The different modes of education in the early life of the two sexes, their different hopes and expectations for the future; to the one independence and dominion, to the other dependence and servitude, produce so great a contrariety of character that it would not be possible to discriminate, or even estimate the natural differences, supposing Nature to have made any beyond the formal differences of sex.

Through the second, and sometimes through the third decade of womanhood, she is petted and flattered, made to believe that the world is only a show-case, and herself an angel on exhibition. This is especially true of those who command a competent share of this world's surroundings. And when that halcyon period has passed, and pass it must and will, when she is first forced to meet the realities of life and face their music, she finds a new, unexpected and undreamed of world for which she is utterly uneducated and utterly unprepared. For her no buoy on the stream of life beacons to any point of escape, and no star of promise of wealth or fame twinkles in the distance.

The consequence is that the wife of a Haynau, and that is a character not peculiar to Austria, finds the goal of her real as well as her legal existence in the marriage ceremony, and thenceforth from desperation, sinks all angel pretensions in the incurable vixen, or the hellish household machine. And if from choice or necessity, no matter which, she takes the other alternative, to tread alone the journey of time, its ways are meager, mean and menial, because profitless alike of wealth or honor, as the freedmans' in the land of bondage.

In this country of freemen and free trade, where every thing is allowed to get its full growth but women and negroes, man from his boyhood is

surrounded by the presages of success and greatness. As a part of his birth-right, he has only to put forth manly efforts to secure wealth and honors, or what is more, the approbation of his father who is in Heaven. Earth, air and ocean belong to his dominion, with no territorial limits in the way of his enterprise. No matter where he goes, or where he stops, he is secure in the prosecution of his designs; for the star-spangled banner waves over, and throws its protective influence around him. This is a truthful glance, and but a glance at the male and female sides of the picture of human life. What then must be that man's stupidity or selfishness, or both combined, who gravely discourses of the differences in temper and mind which Nature has, or should have made between man and woman? and who seriously assigns servitude to the one and domination to the other members of the same family—children of the same race—brothers and sisters of the same household—breathing one common atmosphere and acknowledging existence to one and the same God? "But," says a conservative and selfish brother, "so it always has been, and should it not always so be?" Vice and crime since Eve transgressed and Adam fell have never ceased, and should they never cease? Slavery in one and another form has always obtained, and should it not always hold its own? Must not man always be afflicted with vermin because Egypt once got lousy? Undoubtedly, my conservative brother, if you are right in the one case, you are in the others also. The jewel of consistency is just as much yours, when you contend for the slavery of the sexes, as when you contend for the slavery of races, or the rule of classes and castes. You have just the same cause to settle back in your breeching to stop the progress of woman's rights, as you had when the flag of equality was unfurled in 1776, or as you had a long time before, when Copernicus announced the rotundity of the earth. Your sufferings are always understood—that you are always mourners at every innovation—at every development of human rights—at every new discovery in science—at every new contrivance of mechanical skill, and at the setting of every new land-mark with which the Genius of Liberty sees fit to indicate its pathway. It is understood that on all such occasions you consider the world in especial danger of being cast into everlasting torments unless progress can be stopped, and that you suffer accordingly. It is understood that you are not missionaries of peace and good will to men—not ministers of that religion which teaches equality and democracy—not servants of that God,

"Who sees with equal eye, as God of all,
A hero perish, or a sparrow fall;"

but the bounds of despotism, noising in the distance the least taint of freedom to hunt down its partisans, and with fiendish joy to entomb them in dungeons, or still more fiendish gusto lap their blood from the gutters.

It may be answered that this is the extreme of conservatism as nursed and fed in the hot-beds of Europe and Asia. True, yet we have the same kind here, distinguished for the like course of brutality and indecorous rivalry. That it displays the extreme of its characteristics against the women only, or that it does not go to the same bloody extent, is no merit of its own; for it is the lack of power and not of disposition, which limits and arrests its course. There is no reason to doubt but that the men who now proclaim that everything which wears pantaloons is appointed of God to rule over woman, would if they had the opportunity, and their selfish interests could thereby be subserved, as loudly announce that some one man or woman, (for gender would not then disturb them) was God's appointed, and all the rest created only to prostitute themselves to that one; or that the Mandeville's of the new world would be any more reluctant to appropriate the toil and sweat of the millions, to pamper their lusts and appetites, than have been the Buckingham and Woolseys of the old.

SEXES.

"THE PILGRIM MOTHERS!"—On the occasion of a dinner celebration of the last anniversary of the "Landing of the Pilgrims," in San Francisco, Capt. Charley Brenham, Mayor of that city, requested a talented lady acquaintance of his to furnish him a suitable toast for the occasion. He received the following note in reply, which we think knocks Fanny Fern into a cocked helmet.—The gallant Mayor proposed the toast suggested, reading the lady's note also to the company at the table, and "The Pilgrim Mothers!" was drunk in enthusiastic bumpers, and amid clamors of applause:

"I am surprised that a man of your gallantry should be at a loss for a toast on an occasion such as this—I say surprised, because I know that you are not such a humbug as these Puritanical, straight-laced hypocritical, psalm-singing Pilgrim Fathers, whom I hold in utter detestation. You came from the South, where we do honor unto whom honor is due."—I mean to the women.—For more than two hundred years this flagrant act of injustice to the gentler sex has been tolerated and countenanced by the men until it has ceased to appear an injustice to them. For two hundred years men have usurped so quietly all the honors of Plymouth Rock—have given themselves dinners, and toasted themselves, and made speeches about themselves, their privations, their hardships, their dangers and persecutions, that a stranger never for a moment would suppose that there had ever been a woman within a thousand miles of Plymouth Rock.

"The Pilgrim Fathers' fursooth! What had they to endure in comparison with the 'Pilgrim Mothers'?" It is true that they had hunger, and cold, and sickness, and danger—fies without and within—but the unfortunate Pilgrim Mothers! they had not only all these to endure, but they had the Pilgrim Fathers also! and yet their names are never mentioned. Who ever heard of the Pilgrim Mothers? Who ever gives a dinner in honor of them? Who ever writes songs, and drinks toasts, and makes speeches in recollection of them? This self-sufficiency on the part of the men is beyond all endurance. Out,

to hear them, would actually suppose that New England had been colonized by men, and posterity provided by a special act of Providence!—Only Mrs. Hemans has ventured to insinuate that there ever was a woman in the case—that the Mayflower ever brought anything but men across the Atlantic. I assure you, my dear friend, that I am perfectly disgusted with the self-conceit of the men—they appropriate everything to themselves—even the settlement of a colony, and the peopling of a whole continent. I did hope that there was one prerogative they would leave to woman. We have submitted quietly to their inventions for superseding us in many things—to their sewing machines and other "fixings," but we will not tamely allow ourselves to be deprived of this one privilege—we will not allow ourselves to be deluded into the belief that New England was settled and peopled entirely by Pilgrim Fathers—how could they have been Fathers if there had been no Mothers! And I hope, dear Captain, that I have succeeded in convincing you that you will be lending yourself to an act of great injustice towards us if you do not propose for your toast.

"THE PILGRIM MOTHERS!"

GLEASON'S PICTORIAL DRAWING ROOM COMPANION commences a new volume on the first of July, with new type and fourteen splendid illustrations of events connected with the Revolution. Gleason, it is admitted, has distanced all competitors and now publishes the best illustrated paper in the Union. He richly deserves success.

THE Legislature of Maryland has passed a law greatly extending the property rights of married women. It allows them to retain the control of their property held before, and also to acquire and hold real and personal estate after marriage. A law very much like it has been adopted in Canada.

OHIO, by a recent law, has made drunkenness one of the causes for which a perpetual divorce may be decreed.

IN CANADA the sale of intoxicating drinks is strictly prohibited in the vicinity of all public works.

DIED.

In Waterloo, on the 30th ult., of Spasmodic Asthma, JOHN BAKER, adopted son of John and Elvira Lowden, aged 3 years and 5 months.

Oh! never more his soft blue eyes
Will meet the gaze of ours,
Oh! never more his red lips breathe
The fragrance of the flower.

Oh! never more his tiny clasp
Around our necks be drawn,
Nor music of his angel voice
Awake us at the dawn.

'Tis ever thus—'tis ever thus, with creatures heavenly fair,
Too finely framed to 'bide the brunt more earthly natures bear:

A little while they dwell with us, blessed ministers of love;
Then spread the wings we had not seen, and seek their home above.

GLEN HAVEN.

TO THE READERS OF THE LILY:—We present the following testimonial to you as proof of the estimation in which our situation is held. To secure the public confidence, we have wrought early and late, and have won success. We have spared neither labor nor skill to make our sick ones well, and their gratitude for the good, which by God's blessing on our efforts, we have been enabled to do them, no gold can buy. We invite you to visit Glen Haven. If you are sick you will find us ready to do all for you; if not sick you will find a good hotel, whose table delicacies are not exceeded in the United States. And yet in either case you will find pure air, rich rural scenery and freedom from noise and excitement. Any special information we will give by circular. J. C. & MRS. L. E. JACKSON, Physicians. Address SCOTT, Cortland Co., N. Y.

GLEN HAVEN, Dec. 30th, 1852.
To J. C. JACKSON, M. D.—Dear Sir:—The undersigned patients, who are now inmates of your Institution, are desirous at the close of the year of expressing to you their high sense of your professional character. It is not usual for persons standing in our position to take this course, but we feel it due to you and to ourselves. Your skill and that of your amiable and skilful wife, in the discharge of your arduous duties, and the unwearied care and attention you bestow upon the sick, demand our highest admiration. Your skill as a Hydropathic Physician we consider second to none in the Union, and merit our unbounded confidence. It is gratifying to us to state, that the principles on which your Institution is conducted meet our entire approbation, and we rejoice at the success that has attended your efforts in the amelioration of human suffering; a success which has rendered it necessary, by the increase of public patronage, that you should so much enlarge the capacities of your Establishment.

In presenting you with this unsolicited expression of our views of your professional abilities, allow us also to state our regard for you as a man—whose familiar intercourse amongst us rendered you to us a true friend.

Your Assistants, Dr. BUSH and Dr. HARRIET AUSTIN, are also deserving our highest praise and esteem, for the efficient performance of their duties in their respective departments. In conclusion we would thank you for your able, interesting and instructive Lectures, and sincerely hope that you may long be permitted to continue your course of usefulness.

Alexander C. Hunter, Toronto; Charles John Clarke, Aberdeen, Mass.; Elizabeth Clark, Aberdeen, Mass.; Rosetta Dayfoot, Hamilton, C. W.; Caroline A. Markham, Syracuse, N. Y.; Sarah W. Freeman, Gaidhull, Vt.; Louise A. Martin, Alton, Ill.; Lizzie N. Roberts, Utica, N. Y.; C. T. Haskell, Rush, Cham. Co., N. Y.; L. Maria Phillips, Hartford, N. Y.; G. L. Rose, Deer Village, Ind.; Mary A. Thomas, Cazenovia, N. Y.; Cha's Goodrich, Newburgh, Mass.; Pamela Colburn, New York; Mary A. Hall, New Philadelphia, O.; E. Estelle Bentley, Wilket, N. Y.; Hiram Clark, Hamilton, C. W.; Cha's P. Taft, Cambridge, Mass.; F. W. Dayfoot, Equusset, C. W.; Sarah C. Dayfoot, C. W.; Sarah Montgomery, Brazil, Ind.; Mary M. Hoyt, Westchester, N. Y.; Jacob N. Herr, Dublin, Ind.; Henry Nerse, Knightstown, Ind.; Cha's Morris, Athens, Ohio; Sarah Haght, Scott, N. Y.; Henry Pickering, New York; John Tontine, Laporte, Ind.; A. F. Randall, Hordensburg, N. Y.; Elias S. Burnham, Holly, N. Y.; Erasmus Ingles, Wausauville, N. Y.; John Sandhouse, Fulton, N. Y.; D. O. Keeler, Sherman, N. Y.

THE FEMALE MEDICAL COLLEGE OF THE PENN MEDICAL COLLEGE OF PHILADELPHIA commences Sept. 1st. For Announcements, giving full particulars as to objects, fees (which are cut low) &c., &c., address Anna L. LIVINGSTON, M. D. Dean, No. 323 N. 12th St., Philadelphia.

The Illustrated American PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL.

DEVOTED to Phrenology, Physiology, Mechanism, Education, Agriculture, the Natural Sciences, and General Intelligence, profusely illustrated with engravings. Every family, and especially all young men and women, should have a copy. Published monthly at One Dollar a year. All letters should be post-paid, and directed to FOWLER & WELLS, Clinton Hall, No. 131 Nassau St., New York.

Young men about launching forth upon the activities of life, and anxious to start right, and to understand their course, will find this JOURNAL a friend and monitor, to encourage them in virtue, shield them from vice, and to prepare them for the most useful and successful life. The various occupations will be discussed in the light of Phrenology and Physiology, so that every one may know in what pursuit he would be most likely to succeed.—F. W. FOWLER.

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The Water-Cure Journal holds a high rank in the science of health; always ready, straightforward and plain-spoken, it unfolds the laws of our physical nature without any pretensions to the technicalities of science, but in a form as attractive and refreshing as the sparkling element of which it treats.—New York Tribune.

Female Medical College of Pennsylvania.

FOURTH ANNUAL SESSION.

THE next Course of Lectures in this Institution will commence on Saturday, October 1st, 1853, and continue five months (21 weeks) closing on the 25th of February, 1854.

FACULTY.

David J. Johnson, M. D., Professor of Chemistry and Toxicology.
Blissard Harvey, M. D., Professor of the Principles and Practice of Medicine.
Hilbert Darlington, M. D., Professor of Surgery.
Ann Preston, M. D., Professor of Physiology.
Helen Fustell, M. D., Professor of Anatomy.
Mark G. Kerr, M. D., Professor of Materia Medica and General Therapeutics.
Martha H. Mowry, M. D., Professor of Obstetrics and Diseases of Women and Children.
Almira L. Fowler, M. D., Demonstrator of Anatomy and Chemistry.

Persons wishing further information as to terms, regulations, &c., or desirous of receiving copies of the Announcement, will please apply, personally or by letter, to the Dean of the Faculty.

DAVID J. JOHNSON, M. D., 229 Arch Street, Philadelphia.

BOOK FOR "BLOOMERS!"

WHICH should not only be in the hands of every advocate and wearer of the new costume, but of every lover of truth and progress.—The reasons for a change in dress are plainly and concisely given, while objections to it are fully considered and obviated. A book of 171 pages, full of interest on the subject of female health, and beauty, fine complexion, &c., with plates, illustrations and designs. Price, postage paid, Muslin, 33 cents, paper, 25.—Address, post paid, A. CLARK MERRITT, Somerset, Niagara Co., N. Y.

Hydropathic and Hygienic Institute.

DR. TRALL receives patients at his commodious establishment, 15 Laight-street, New York, (the oldest and most extensive city Water-cure in the United States,) one door from the beautiful promenade grounds of St. John's Park. The establishment has recently been enlarged by the erection of a rear building, and the addition of the spacious double house adjoining, so that nearly one hundred patients can now be accommodated.

The buildings are warmed throughout by steam-pipes, thus securing any required degree of temperature, and obviating the annoyance of dust and smoke from grates and stoves.

In addition to the usual appliances for full Water treatment, he has, with the assistance of Dr. J. L. Hosford, established a department for the special management of those female diseases which are incurable without peculiar mechanical and surgical treatment. Consultations and city practice attended to as heretofore.

JAMESTOWN WATER-CURE.

LOCATED in the beautiful and thriving village of Jamestown, at the foot of Chautauque Lake Chautauque Co., N. Y., is now completed and open for the reception of patients.

It appears that Nature in this locality has blended every facility to answer the wants of both body and mind—an abundance of water of dewy softness and crystal transparency, to cleanse, renovate and rejuvenate the disease-worn and dilapidated system, and to please the artistic eye of Ideality and to charm the lovers of the sublime, a natural scenery of surpassing beauty presents itself to view. Here lies the lucid lake of Chautauque, reflecting as a mirror the royal hills that rise on either side, and the roar of the waterfall, caused by the outlet of the lake leaping the rock-ribbed barriers of nature, sends up a continual anthem.—Here the disciples of Walton can ply the rod and line to their heart's content in taking the fine specimens of the finny tribe that swarm the waters of lake and stream. And the numerous groves and ravines in the vicinity afford a delightful retreat for those who love to gaze on nature in her wildest moods. This establishment was constructed especially for a Cure, and planned in every particular according to the most approved model by the proprietor, G. E. ALLEN.

THE MEDICAL DEPARTMENT

Will be under the immediate supervision of E. POTTER, M. D., and Mrs. L. M. POTTER. Dr. Potter has had much experience in the treatment of the afflicted, having practised Allopathy six years, and the Hydropathic system during the last three years, with admirable success. Dr. Potter has associated with him a young man of energy and ability, Mr. ALBERT ALLEN, who will take charge of the business department of the Cure. There will be no pains spared to render this establishment emphatically the home of the invalid, and to assist in his or her speedy recuperation. Patients coming from the East or West will take the railroad to Dunkirk, thence by plank road and omnibus, three hours' ride to Jamestown; from the North by boat and stage on the various mail routes.

TERMS.—From \$6.00 to \$10.00 per week, according to the treatment and rooms occupied. Patients will bring the usual amount of packing clothes, towels &c., or they can be furnished with them at the Cure. For further particulars address E. POTTER, M. D., or ALBERT ALLEN, Jamestown, Chautauque Co., N. Y.

May 15th, 1853.

The Lily:

A Semi-Monthly Journal, devoted to the interests of woman, published at Seneca Falls, N. Y., by Amelia Bloomer, Editor and Proprietor.

The fifth volume of The Lily will be commenced on the first of January, 1853, and will be published in full form on the first and fifteenth of each month, at the low price of fifty cents a year.

It will continue to labor zealously and earnestly for the emancipation of woman from the crushing evils of intemperance—from the cruel enactments of unjust laws made without her consent—from the destructive influences of Custom and Fashion—from mistaken views of duty and personal effort, and for her elevation to her true position in society of perfect and entire equality in all that relates to her social, civil and religious rights and duties.

Its editorials, original communications, and selections will be calculated to promote these objects, and its columns will always be open to the discussion of all subjects connected with the interests of woman.

The editor earnestly appeals to all those who approve of the objects to which The Lily is devoted, to aid in extending its circulation. The low price at which it is published places it within the reach of all and it can only be sustained at such price by a large subscription list. Any person sending us three dollars and six subscribers, shall receive a fourth copy gratis. All communications and business letters should be addressed to Amelia Bloomer, Seneca Falls, N. Y.

A limited space in THE LILY will be devoted to advertisements at the rate of five cents a line.